



VOL. VIII.]

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[NO. 3.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

(Continued.)

WHILE the recluse was thus speaking, she passed, without being aware, so close to the book-cases, for they were in the library, that the stranger could read the titles on the backs of the books.

"German books!" exclaimed she, with surprise, and took out Gessner's works. "You read German, then, and perhaps speak it too?"

The recluse was disconcerted; but she soon recovered herself. "I never thought of the books," said she. "It is now too late. I am betrayed, indeed; I have betrayed myself. I must abandon my asylum, and destroy my monuments, unless you, my dearest friend, are the most discreet of our sex. But I well believe that you are so; I will tell you what none else must know. And now my dear countrywoman, let us converse together in the accents of our mother-tongue.

These were the first German words that the stranger had heard from the lips of the recluse. At the same moment she conceived an idea which so powerfully impressed her, that she was unable to utter a word, but steadfastly fixed her eyes on her companion.

"Do you know me?" cried the latter not less agitated, and throwing back her veil.

Like an apparition she stood before the astonished stranger. The fire of inspiration beamed from her eyes, majesty was seated on her brow, and her smile was that of innocence itself. It was one of those undescribable faces, which, in truth, ought to be painted a beauty of a better world, which extorts the admiration of the multitude, but enkindles the flame of love only, in the few on whom the qualities of the mind and goodness of soul produce a more powerful impression, than the greatest personal charms. To this face the stranger inclined, with an eye replete with curiosity and love, but she did not recollect that she had ever seen it before.

"Then you do not know me?" said the recluse. "That relieves

me from part of my anxiety. With so much the more freedom I may relate to you my history. At present, however, I am too much agitated. Come with me into the next room to the harpsichord. Tomorrow we will have some further conversation."

They went, hand in hand, into the adjoining apartment. The recluse sat down to the harpsichord, and played with the fluency of a virtuoso, several sonatas, as she said from memory, and concluded with singing a song, which she had herself set to music.

Next morning the mistress of the castle invited the stranger to breakfast. She had time, during the night, to prepare herself, so that she might say neither too much, nor too little. As soon as breakfast was over, she locked the door of the room, and began her narrative :

"I must acknowledge that my father was right, when he said that I was an extraordinary creature, and capable of the most singular contradictions in my conduct. For these two years past, I have been taking every possible precaution, in order that I might not be known, and now I voluntarily discover myself to you. I am, however, convinced that something very different from curiosity, has excited in you a wish to be made acquainted with my history. I shall, therefore, not hesitate to communicate to you the events of my life, though

I shall reserve the right of concealing my name.

I have heard or read that certain persons carry within themselves, the germ of their destinies, and meet with extraordinary adventures, because they bring with them extraordinary sentiments into all the circumstances of life. To this class of people, I perhaps, belong. I have always viewed the world with different eyes from what most are accustomed to consider it with, and might say with Rousseau, I know not whether I was better than others, but this I know, that I was unlike them.

"Scarcely had my tongue begun to express the ideas of my infant mind, when I was proclaimed a genius. And why? Because I showed some talents, and a strong desire to learn. My father, a man of sound understanding, and various attainments, was highly delighted with the thirst of knowledge manifested by his little Theresa.

"Theresa! (exclaimed the stranger) "is your name Theresa?" asked she, a death-like paleness at the same time overspreading her countenance.

"Is this name so frightful to you?" enquired the recluse.

"Frightful!" rejoined the stranger, "O no; I venerate it, like the name of a saint. I had once an unknown friend, whose

name was Theresa. A Theresa saved me, without knowing it, from the most dreadful of misfortunes. But let me request you to proceed."

"The recluse was more rejoiced than concerned at the discovery of this new alliance with the stranger, and thus continued :

" My father's circumstances permitted him to devote his whole attention to the cultivation of my little talents. He had been minister to a German Prince, but had resigned his post, out of discontent with the administration of the country, which he had in vain endeavoured to improve, and now passed his best years in a delightful retreat in the country. He was the more attached to me, because my birth had been the death of my mother, and my brother manifested none of those dispositions by which I gave the promise of being once able to cheer the old age of my father. No expence was spared to provide me with books and teachers. I learned music, drawing, history, geography, various languages, in short, any thing that I had a mind for. As soon as I could read, poetry and plays were put into my hands, though I afterwards became neither poetess nor actress. Thus I grew up amidst ideas, caresses, flatteries, and reveries, without myself knowing what kind of a being I was, or still less thinking how to make an impression on any one by my various qualifications and attainments. My

father was naturally pleased with me ; and as for me, scarcely any person pleased me but my father. I was not anxious for applause ; I lived in a creation of my own fancy ; and though my speculations embraced every object that can possibly occupy the mind of a child, I never bestowed a thought on myself, and, for that very reason, was happy.

" The first epoch in my little history, was the death of my father, which happened when I was thirteen. He had been the only man with whose participation in my pleasures, I could not dispense. To please him I had learned many things which would otherwise have been indifferent to me. He was always my first thought with every new acquisition in art or science, with every new acquaintance that I chanced to make, and with every wish or whim that arose in my bosom. I did not feel till after his death, that my father had filled my heart, and this discovery was the first observation that I made upon myself.

" Every thing within and around me was now totally altered. My reveries and my thoughts followed the corpse of my father. My natural vivacity forsook me. I seated myself, when nobody observed me, in an arbour in the garden, and wept. No one took any notice of me. Not a creature was enlivened by my cheerfulness. The feeling of vacuity, of which I had of-

ten read without knowing what it meant, embittered the enjoyment of the little pleasure, which I yet derived from my harpsichord, my drawings, and my books. I grew extremely serious, petulant from vexation, and cold for want of an object on which to fix my affection.

"The change in my external situation, and the transition from infancy to another period of life, completed the internal revolution of my being. I was placed under the guardianship of a relation, who lived in town, and my mode of life was accordingly changed. Young gentlemen of such a description as would not have been very welcome at my father's country seat, and were not often seen there, daily threw themselves in my way, in the house of my guardian, in order to say fine things to me. My coyness, as they termed it, drew from them numberless ineffectual salutes. The coldness with which I listened to their witty apostrophes, was, in their opinion, the simplicity and inexperience of a girl of thirteen. These people rendered themselves the most disagreeable to me, by the sarcasms with which they endeavoured to counteract the effects of the religious instruction which about this time I received from a respectable clergyman. Religious devotion was now the only sentiment that gave my heart a kind of satisfaction. This sentiment I cultivated with so much the more ardour, because it was

new to me, and because it associated itself in a manner entirely new, with the remembrance of my father, whom I now hailed in my reveries, as an angel in another world.

"These religious sentiments made me very attentive to myself. To fulfil my duties, now became the chief object of my solicitude. Even the pleasures of infancy, which in the simplicity of my heart I had enjoyed without regard to duty, now appeared all at once in the light of levities, which it was necessary to expiate. From this time, I did not wilfully take any step, without first enquiring whether it would lead: I wished not only to make amends for my past errors, but to have something in store, when merits and rewards should come to be weighed. I played the usurer with my feelings, but really without knowing it. My only wish was to please the invisible searcher of the human heart, for the idea of his presence every where accompanied me. This wish made me the more indifferent to the approbation of men than I had already grown, in consequence of the loss of my father. The recollection of my father gradually ceased to be the point in which my sweetest sensations were concentrated. Shall I confess it? He to whom I owe my existence, was banished from my soul by the father of all beings. For him alone had I now any sensibility, to him alone, was I attached; and my love

burned with all the ardour of passion. In the innocence of my heart, indecent as it may sound, I became enamoured of God.

" Had I at this moment fallen into the hands of some mystical sect, I should scarcely have escaped with my reason. The world would probably have seen in me a second Guyon, or Bourignon. But my teacher, to whom the sensibility of my soul gave the greatest delight, because he was himself something of an enthusiast, was displeased with my sensual attachment to the father of spirits. He zealously inculcated the truths of the Catholic religion, in which I was educated, but at the same time warned me against all mysticai, as well as free-thinking heretics. So much the more warmly did he recommend to me the performance of good works, the subjugation of the passions, and resignation to the decrees of the Eternal, that from his instructions, I brought back unsophisticated sensations, but the fulfilment of the ordinary duties of life appeared insufficient to my warm imagination. I wanted to sacrifice myself; I resolved to renounce the world, and to go into a convent.

" You may conceive how my determination was received in the house of my guardian, where every sentiment like those which I stood in need of, was a coin of an unknown stamp.

" By the young gentlemen who

came to whisper tender things to me, I was now called the pietist, by my brother, the nun, and by my guardian, the fool. How I rejoiced in thus being the object of their ridicule! I now suffered for the performance of my duty; and now, as I thought, I had at least earned a leaf of the palm of the martyrs.

[*To be continued.*]

Extract from

A VIEW OF MODERN PARIS,

With a glance at the present state of society, and of public characters in that capital, in a letter from an anglo-American resident there.

You have desired me to give you an idea respecting the general character of the present emperor of the French, and of the leading personages of St. Cloud, and I will endeavour to present you with a slight sketch of the parties.

Napoleon is about five feet five inches in height, well made, and somewhat muscular: it has been observed that, notwithstanding his fatigues, he has a tendency to be corpulent. His complexion is pale olive; his eyes piercing; his hair brown, cut short, and uniformly unpowdered. He seldom smiles, and is, in the natural disposition of his mind, impetuous; but he corrects this habitude by a powerful command of his passions. He is very abstemious, takes snuff abun-

dandy, and remains at dinner with the imperial family but thirty minutes, when they dine *en famille*. He eats of the plainest food, drinks four or five glasses of wine, takes his coffee, (of which he is extremely fond) and departs. He passes the evening in visiting the lyceums, or places of public gratuitous education (of which Paris and its environs are full); examines the scholars personally; enters newly-established manufactories, and, when he deems the invention worthy, invests him with the insignia of the legion of honour, which he frequently takes from his own coat for that purpose. On his return to St. Cloud, if in the country, or to the Tuilleries, if in town, he hears a concert, converses with his family, takes a slight repast, and retires to bed about eleven o'clock. In the morning he rises commonly with the lark, goes to his private cabinet, and examines written documents upon the affairs of state, or representations from all the ministers, both domestic and foreign; inscribes a concise resolution upon each, to be delivered to the proper officers in the course of the morning. In all these duties, he is as regular as time itself; and even when encamped in the field of battle, I am informed that he pursues the same system, upon a narrower basis. At six or seven o'clock he rings for his coffee, and then dresses himself for the day; his dress on ordinary occasions, is a blue undress uniform, with white kerseymere

waistcoat and breeches; military boots, a cocked hat, with a small cockade, placed on the very rim, a sword, and the order of the legion of honour suspended by a red ribbon from his button-hole. I should inform you, that no person enters his cabinet but his pages, and those only when he is present; and when he departs, he takes the key in his pocket.

His library is fitted up in the English taste, and rather plain than otherwise; it is decorated with marble busts of great men, among which you find those of the late regretted Mr. Fox, and the immortal Nelson. The Emperor had a great personal esteem for Mr. Fox, and treated him, while that illustrious patriot remained in Paris, with the most conciliating attention. I am told that he has remarked that Mr. Fox was to Great Britain, what Cassandra was to the Trojans, always telling truths, but, unfortunately, never believed.

I carried my curiosity so far, as to take measures to learn what books this extraordinary character was fond of perusing, and found that Ossian's poems, (well translated into Italian); the works of Newton, and Leibnitz; Smith, on the wealth of nations; the works of Montesquieu, Tacitus, Guiccardini, &c. formed the leading articles with which he amused or informed himself in his leisure hours, if such an active mind can be supposed to have any leisure.

WEEKLY MISCELLANY

To indulge the curiosity of those natives and foreigners, whose rank and talents do not entitle them to an introduction at court, he takes an airing every Sunday evening in the gardens of St. Cloud, with the Empress, the Imperial family, and his marshals : and I have observed that his attendant Mameluke is uniformly behind his person ; and I was told that he sleeps at the entrance of his apartment, or tent, when he is on duty from the capital.

It cannot be denied that he is indebted for a great portion of his success, both in the cabinet and the field, to that judgment which he has displayed in selecting his ministers and officers, all of whom have been advanced for their individual merit. He has sometimes listened to the recommendation of distinguished persons, in filling up civil vacancies of little importance, but never any other ; Marshal Augereau is the son of a grocer at Paris ; Marshal Lefebre is the son of an inn-keeper ; General Vandamme was a taylor in Brabant, and a great majority of the rest were of the same description.

Napoleon endeavours, by every species of artificial attention, to acquire and retain the good will of his army. He never suffers an officer to strike a soldier, on any pretence whatever ; their punishments are through the medium of shame, privations, or death. In England, the citizen and soldier

run parallel in their interests ; but in France, the soldier is paramount in authority to the citizen : and this partiality is perhaps necessary, in a government which owes the acquirement and consolidation of its power, to the zeal and fidelity of the national armies.

His ambition is boundless, and seems to swell and extend in proportion as it is opposed ! If it is asked, has he any political enemies in France ? I would answer, truly, many : but the well connected system of his government precludes all opposition to his will, and even those enemies are becoming less every day, as the brilliancy of his career neutralizes the enmity of those who deprecate his power, by making their national vanity a party to his personal renown.

His consort, Josephine, is supposed to be forty-five years old, though, in the court calender of France, she is said to have been born in 1768, which is only making her one year older than Napoleon, who was born on the 15th of August, 1769. This lady is tall, with a well made person, and an expressive countenance. It is said, that when questioned as to the ancestry of Napoleon, when he became first consul of France, she quickly replied, " That his father was Mars, and his mother was Fortune."

(*To be continued.*)

From the Boston Mirror.

THEATRICAL.

She stoops to Conquer, and Cinderella.

THIS light, laughable effusion of fancy, from that true child of nature, GOLDSMITH, was performed throughout, (one trifling character excepted) with infinite spirit and correctness: even the vassals of the humourist Hardcastle, and the Rascallions who were plucking Tony their pigeon, were all given in their distinct and true colours. Mr. Bernard has been so often praised in Marlow, that it is sufficient to remark that, if any difference, he rather gained in reputation by his last performance of it.

Mrs. Powell received a very flattering reception in Miss Hardcastle, and we think she never performed better; the two scenes between her and Marlow, were admirably pourtrayed indeed.

Mr. Dickinson's Hardcastle ranks with his best old men—this gentleman is generally guided in his acting by *lex naturae*.

Mrs. Turner gave grace and consequence to the trifling part of the niece, very rarely displayed in such characters; and Mrs. Cunningham was respectable in the *fool, foolish, mamma!*

The great novelty of the night was Mills, in Tony. We have witnessed more fun from Wilson,

and broader humour from Twaits, but upon a general view of the character, Mills was more correct than either.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

"A STRANGE WORLD THIS."

Yes, and a strange sort of beings inhabit it! Indeed, I am of opinion that the world is not so much to blame as the inhabitants; and were every person strictly to examine into his own conduct, I am persuaded, instead of laying the blame on the world, he would say of himself, "*A strange creature this!*" But to attend to the consequences of our own conduct, is a task too burthenous; it is much easier to lay all the censure upon the world.

The preacher, who, by his dullness, has driven all the people from the church, looks round (after he has delivered a superficial) at the empty pews, and sighs out, "what a dull congregation!" "*A strange world this.*"

Authors who

"Painful vigils keep
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep,

when they find their works neglected, and themselves sinking into oblivion, quarrel with their read-

ers for their want of taste. "This," say they, "*is a strange world.*"

Farmers, who mix rye with their wheat, pour water into their cider, tie up swinging tow with their flax, and practice twenty other frauds with produce, when they find it will not sell, lay the blame on the merchant, for endeavouring to keep down the market. "*A strange world this!*" say they, with deep groans, as they return home, after having been forced to sell their adulterated produce at half price.

The merchant who has jockeyed, shaved, and bit his customers, until none but those who are forced by their poverty, will deal with him, perceives his honest neighbour taking his best custom from him, exclaims, "*A strange world this.*"

The haughty spark, paying his addresses to a lady of prudence, and sensibility, depending upon the wealth of his father, and his own fashionable *chapeau*, and powdered lock, to carry every thing before him, when he finds himself neglected, and the affections of the lady placed upon some industrious, worthy man, begins to think all women are fools, and that "*this is a strange world.*"

The parents of the lady, who always looked upon riches as the "one thing needful," and who consider men without wealth as the Mahometans do women, as

having no souls, will be ready to tear the hair off their daughter's head. Here I am ready to cry out myself—"*A strange world this.*"

Miss Trifle's receipt to get a Sweetheart.

Dress tawdry, and shew as many charms as you are able; look with a roguish eye, and leer with a becoming simper; use every artifice to catch the attention of the men around you, and give them enticing glances; stare till you fix their eyes upon you; display the beauties of your person; by heaving, sighing, Prattling, smiling, laughing, dancing, tripping, and the like; shew yourself in as many pleasing attitudes as possible, but let each be calculated to recommend some limb, or grace, about you; be free with strangers, and pert with old acquaintances; and let no man alone, till you please or disgust him.

When you have fixed an humble servant, humour his opinion, by agreeing to it; flatter his vices, and choose the things you see him most pleased with; be angry with him now and then, but be sure soon to forgive him, and then admit him to double familiarities; but never let him see that he is of much consequence in your eyes; let your favours seem rather the effect of good nature than love; and that he may have the greater inclination to renew them, be sure

to throw some slight obstacles in his way.

These rules, well observed, may possibly decoy some weak, sap-headed fellow into your net ; and when you have fairly mesh'd him, it is your own fault if he finds that you have neither principle nor honour ; for you will never be upon a tolerable footing with him, unless you continue the same deceits that first allured him ; and such a life of flattery and submission, is alone sufficient to make you daily curse the advice you have practised.

ANECDOTE
Of a celebrated preacher in Paris,
Known by the name of
LITTLE FATHER ANDREW.

A quick presence of mind often rescues a man from any gross mistake into which he may have unavoidably plunged : As for instance—The little doctor being to preach one day in the church of his convent, in order that no part of his time should go by unoccupied, during the prayers previous to the sermon, he was playing a game at cards in his room, with an intimate ; but the bell ringing for him to mount the pulpit, just as they were in a warm debate about the hand they held, he said he could not then stay to decide the matter, therefore tucked both up in the sleeve of his gown, for a fair discussion after sermon.

The subject of his discourse

was the great immorality of the times, and the too great indulgence of dangerous passions, and particularly of gaming ; against which he inveighed with all the warmth and zeal he was master of, both which, he could affect to an amazing degree. But when carried away by the torrent of his declamation, on finding the people very attentive to him, he raised up his hands to heaven, to intercede for them—Down from his sleeve, that had been somehow loosened by the vehemence of his gesticulation, fell two hands of cards, which incident made some people look with a pious concern. The little doctor, whilst others burst into a violent fit of laughter, stunned for a moment at so unexpected a disaster in the midst of a sermon that had gone on efficaciously, thought him, on a sudden, of a stratagem ; he espied a young child not far from the pulpit ; he beckoned to it, saying, “come here my dear, gather up those cards lying on the floor, and bring them to me,”—which the child did ; he then asked the name of each card, which the young one accurately told ; he then questioned it about the catechism, of which the almost infant was entirely ignorant. Little Andrew dismissed the child, and looking round on the audience with an air of indignation, (secretly triumphing in his heart at the same time) he cried aloud, “wicked fathers and mothers ! is not this a scandalous and a most flagrant proof of what I have advan-

ced—that in this abandoned, this impious age, nothing is thought of but gambling ? Here is almost an infant that completely knows every card in the pack—is thoroughly learned in the devil's book, yet is so absolutely ignorant of the book of his salvation ; what early sacrifices do you make of the young hearts of your children, to the prince of darkness ! Ye more than parricide parents ! Ye betrayers of their souls to a miserable eternity !”—He kindled so fast, and fired upon the people so vehemently, that alarmed the very faculty ; and they departed, fully convinced that what was in itself an unlucky accident, had been a powerful pre-meditated contrivance of the preacher to rebuke their dissoluteness, and bring them to repentance.

From the Lynchburg Star.

LAUGHABLE.

The following article of domestic manufacture, is published at the request of a subscriber. In this neighbourhood, the Spanish revolution, and the approaching presidential election, are merely trifles, compared with the Campbell marriages—quick work ! truly—yet we know not which most to admire, the lady's discernment, or the old gentleman's *philosophy*.

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To the Editor of the Lynchburg Star.

AMONG the many useful articles in your paper, we frequently find an account of deaths and mar-

riages ; which verifies the maxim, that one generation passeth away, and another cometh. This piece of information we judge the more important, as it is thought by some writers, that man experiences but two happy days in this world, viz. the day of his marriage, and the day of his death. That a married life is to be preferred, will appear from a single consideration, that where persons have been made acquainted with its enjoyments, they seldom rest satisfied in a single state—Whereas those who reject marriage, are such as never knew its sweets, or never knew the tender ties of love.

To exemplify the foregoing observations, permit me, Sir, to advert to, and detail the circumstances of a marriage which lately took place.

A very respectable gentleman, aged *seventy-two*, made his addresses to a handsome and worthy young widow, between *twenty* and *thirty*. In three weeks the business was concluded on—the day appointed—the license got—a sumptuous feast prepared, and numerous guests were bidden, when a young man of good family, who loved the widow—and had loved her—stept in and told his own soft tale—it proved successful—she yielded to his entreaties the very evening before she was to have been married to the gentleman of *seventy-two*.—Both of the gentlemen met next morning, each ha-

ving requested the parson's aid to marry him to the same lady. The parson observed to the lady (apart) that he thought her case not entirely safe, that between two seats, a person sometimes gets—a fall. The widow, however, fell graciously.

N. B.—Married, on the 23rd of August, Mr. John Hix, to Mrs. Mildred K. Lucas, both of Campbell county. The other gentleman was present, who in the evening of the same day invited the bride and groom, and all the company, to dine with him on the ensuing day, when he received the following address—to which he returned the annexed answer.

At a numerous meeting of the ladies, at *Thomas Cobb's*, of Campbell county, on the 24th of August, the following resolutions were agreed to.

1. *Resolved*, as the opinion of this meeting, that the ladies who compose the same, entertain a very high sense of the dignified manner in which Mr. Thomas Cobbs conducted himself on Tuesday the 23rd of August, on which day he was to have been married.

2. *Resolved*, as the opinion of this meeting, that the lady who disappointed him, meets our highest indignation.

3. *Resolved*, that the following address be presented to Mr. Thomas Cobbs.

" VENERABLE SIR,

" The ladies of your vicinity feel themselves under the highest obligation to pursue with dignified step, that course which in the nature of things, is best calculated to reflect credit on their sex, and that when any depart from this rule, it is viewed by us with deep regret. That the late occurrences as relate to your disappointment, have awokened in each of our breasts, the tenderest sensibility. To have the fritter snatched from the lips of expectation, is a circumstance so rare and unaccountable, that we are astonished at your fortitude, under those conflicting passions of love, resentment, revenge, &c.

" This meeting, taking under their serious consideration your case, are resolved to use their utmost influence in your favour, as soon, sir, as the object of your choice will be designated—and as we are persuaded you have nothing to fear from age, possessing, as you do, every qualification of a good husband, with the means of rendering a wife happy through life.

" *Resolved, unanimously*, That under existing circumstances, you ought not to mind the disappointment you have experienced, as it would not contribute to your happiness to be married to any lady so fickle minded. We are sure we speak the sentiments of the fair sex generally, while we declare to you, sir, that we will not treat any

man in the shameful manner in which you have been imposed upon. Alas ! if such a precedent as the late occurrence should once be established—and should the men take it into their hearts to be revenged on us, what a dreadful state of uncertainty would we be reduced to.

“ Accept, dear sir,
“ Our very high respect,
“ And consideration.

“ Signed by nine ladies—the committee in behalf of the meeting.”

ANSWER.

“ Respected, and very dear ladies,

“ I have received your friendly and very soothing address, at a time most acceptable—When I reflect on the comforts of a married life, I am astonished at the great delay which many of our single men are guilty of—for my part I always felt a *warm attachment* for the married state.

“ I used every exertion to secure a companion, and vainly thought I was in possession of one, but as you judiciously observe, the fritter was snatched from the lips of expectation. In my disconsolate state, however, you afford much pleasure, that I am to enjoy your good wishes, and every prudent exertion ; be assured, good ladies, that my *personal* exertion shall not be wanting, nor shall I ever be satisfied, until I meet with a lady more settled in her affection, and firm in her promises, than

the one which hath caused me this disappointment.

“ Accept the consideration
“ Of my highest esteem,
“ THOMAS COBES.”

An English sailor was tried for a robbery he had committed on the highway. While his doom was pronouncing, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth till he heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him. He then bit off a piece of tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern ; “ Sirrah,” said the judge, piqued at the man’s indifference, “ do you know that you are to be hanged in a short time ?” “ So I hear,” said the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth. “ Do you know,” rejoined the judge, “ where you will go when you die ?” “ I cannot tell, indeed, an’t please your honour,” said the sailor. “ Why, then, cried the judge with a tremendous voice, “ I will tell you : you will go to hell, you villain, and there be burnt to all eternity.” “ If I should,” replied the sailor, equally as loud, “ I hope then, my lord, I shall be able to bear it.”

A clever deception.

Lay an egg in strong vinegar, until it be soft ; then write the name of any person to whom you wish to shew the trick, on a small

slip of paper, or thin card. You may then easily cut an aperture at one end of the egg, with a razor, or fine penknife, through which, you may insert the writing. Place the egg in cold water, and it will soon be as hard as at first. With your egg thus prepared, you may write the same name on a slip of paper, and throw it in the fire before the face of your companion, and desire him to break the egg, where he will find it.

A devotee lamented to her confessor her love of gambling. "Ah madam," replied the priest, "it is a grievous sin. In the first place, consider the great loss of time." "Yes," replied the fair penitent, "I often begrimed the time that is lost in *shuffling* and *dealing*."

WHITFIELD.

THIS remark is very admirable. When some gentlemen blamed Mr. Whitfield for having set the hymns which were sung in his chapel, to profane tunes, he made the following smart repartee: "Would you wish, gentleman, that the devil should keep all the good tunes to himself?"

HE, whose silent presence checks pitiful conceits, ennobles vulgar minds, and calls forth uncommon ones, may lay claim to grandeur.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

Which appeared in our last number.

A *Hammer* is us'd by a *Smith*, said
a poet;
Stern iron, so stubborn, to soften;
You'll say I'm laconic—you need not—
I know it,
I've been told so at *Hammermith*
often.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Captain Henry Titus, to Miss Ann J. Seaman, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Thacher, Mr. Lemuel Statt, of Peekskill, to Miss Susannah Eldridge, of Tarrytown.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. James Masterton, to Miss Ann Proudfoot, daughter of Mr. Lawrence Proudfoot, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. G. Seixas, Mr. Moses Seixas, to Miss Judith Levy, daughter of Jacob Levy, Esq. all of this city.

At Hempstead, L. Island, on Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Samuel Willets, to Miss Mary Denton, daughter of Joseph Deaton, all of North Hempstead.

.....

DIED,

On Sunday evening, after a very short illness, Mr. Eli Emmons.

On Sunday evening, Mrs. Nancy G. Day, wife of Mr. Daniel Day.

.....

Deaths, in this city, during the week ending on Saturday last—men 6, women 11, boys 7, girls 8—Total 32.



Selected for the Ladies Miscellany.

ADDRESS TO A HUSBAND.

BY MISS PORTER.

OH ! grant my prayer, and let me go
The toil to share, thy path to smooth ;
Is there a want, a wish, a woe,
Which wedded love can fail to sooth ?

At morn, when sleep still seals thine
eyes,
My hand thy temp'rate meal shall
spread ;
At night my smiles shall check thy
sighs,
And my fond arm support thy head.

And if thy vexing cares should dart
Some hasty word, my zeal to chill,
Still this unchanging, tender heart,
The sacred vow I made shall fill.

THE HUSBAND'S ANSWER.

YES, my best love, too fondly thou
Would'st share each toil I'm doom'd
to bear,
And, faithful to thy nuptial vow,
With tenderest zeal sooth every care.

This town thou'dst quit without a sigh,
With me, undaunted, peril dare ;
And uncomplaining, hardships try,
To prove as faithful as thou'rt fair.

No homely garb thy charms can hide,
Or, rather say, by virtue drest,
More lovely thou—a husband's pride !
Whose every joy with thee must rest.

Tho' doom'd by adverse fate to part,
For him thou'l breathe the fervant
pray'r ;
Still bear his image in thy heart,
And prove as faithful as thou'rt fair.

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

THERE once was a Painter, in Catholic
days,
Like Job, who eschewed all evil,
Still on his Madonas the curious may
gaze
With applause and with pleasure, but
chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels (compar'd to the
devils he drew)
Who besieg'd poor St. Anthony's
cell ;
Such burning hot eyes, such a damna-
ble hue !
You could even smell brimstone, their
breath was so blue,
He painted the Devil so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She stood on the Dragon, embracing
her Son,—
Many Devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The old Dragon's imps, as they fled
thro' the air,
At seeing it, paus'd on the wing ;
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself
had been there,
To pay their respects to their king.

Every child, at beholding it, shiver'd
with dread,

And scream'd as he turn'd away quick ;
 Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head
 Drop'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles and said—
 Oh ! save me from ugly Old Nick ,
 What the painter so earnestly thought on by day,
 He sometimes would dream of by night ;
 But once he was startled as sleeping he lay,
 'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey,
 That the Devil himself was in sight !
 " You rascally dauber!" old Beelzebub cries,
 " Take heed how you wrong me again :
 Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
 Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
 Or see if I threaten in vain !"
 Now the Painter was bold, and religious besides,
 And on faith he had certain reliance :
 So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
 And thank'd him for sitting, with Catholic pride,
 And sturdily bade him defiance.
 Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
 He is ready as soon as 'tis light ;
 Ev'ry look, ev'ry line, ev'ry feature he knows,
 'Tis fresh in his eye—to his labour he goes,
 And he has the old wicked one quite Happy man ! he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
 The tip of his nose is red hot,
 There's his grin and his fangs, his skin covered with scale,
 And that the identical curl of his tale—
 Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight ;
 'Tis a portrait complete to his mind.
 He touches again, and again feeds his sight ;
 He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright,
 The original standing behind !
 " Fool ! id'ot!"—old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
 And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire :
 The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
 'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
 The Devil could wish it no higher.
 " Help, help me ! O Mary ?" he cried in alarm,
 As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
 From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
 She caught the good Painter, she sav'd him from harm,
 There were hundreds who saw in the street.
 The old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
 And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour :
 While the Painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
 Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph, and cried,
 " I'll paint thee more ugly than ever !"

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

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